

Invention disputed

by Karen Bastow
Peter Kuitenbrouwer
and Albert Nerenberg

According to Dr. Chun Fai Yam, he discovered the crucial part of an invention now being patented by McGill Microbiology professors Irving DeVoe and Bruce Holbein while employed at McGill.

The invention, if commercially marketed, is potentially worth millions of dollars. Among its possible applications is extraction of metals from mining tailings and nuclear waste.

Yam quit working at McGill this September year, suspecting his name was not on an application for a Canadian patent the two professors filed in October 1982.

Yam first heard his name may not be on the patent application when the Gazette began investigating the department. Yam said "DeVoe asked me 'how a reporter could know that your name was not on the patent?'"

Yam then called the patent attorneys, Robic and Robic, who, he said, refused to talk to him.

"A patent is a recognition of accomplishment, not a road to enrichment. Credit should be given. This is unethical," Yam said.

Two years ago, DeVoe and Holbein discovered that using previously isolated bacterial compounds, they could remove iron from liquid, stopping bacterial growth. They hired

Yam on McGill payroll in February 1982 to do further research on this process, asking him to sign a non-disclosure agreement regarding his research.

A non-disclosure agreement binds whoever signs it to silence on research which they are conducting for their employers. It is not, according to several professors in Microbiology, normal procedure in the department.

Yam said he finished the work DeVoe and Holbein hired him to do in three months. Then, he said, "I discovered, looking at their (the compounds') structure, that you could do it much simpler. There are readily available organic chemicals which we could buy quite cheaply, which imitate the actions of the microbes."

In December 1982, DeVoe and Holbein formed DeVoe Holbein (Canada) Inc. to test and market the invention. They hired Yam on the company payroll, and asked him to sign another non-disclosure agreement. Yam did not sign it.

McGill's Vice-principal research and Graduate studies, Gordon MacLachlan said "I heard of this invention long before I heard of Yam. I understand he is a more recent development."

"He may not like being called a technician but that's what he was," he said.

Professor John Hassel of the Microbiology department attended a presentation DeVoe

gave staff members on the invention just before he left for a one-year unpaid leave.

"The impression I got was that Yam was a full member in the initial discovery of the substance," Hassel said.

Concerning the fact that Yam was asked to sign a non-disclosure agreement Hassel said "I find that surprising."

The company's patent attorneys, contacted by the *Daily*, demanded to know where reporters got the attorneys' continued on page 2

Daily taken to court

by Albert Nerenberg

A company formed by two McGill microbiology professors to patent and develop a potentially highly lucrative invention, served an injunction against *The McGill Daily*, three of its reporters and one of the corporation's ex-employees, Dr. Chun Fai Yam, yesterday afternoon, to block information they believed would be printed today.

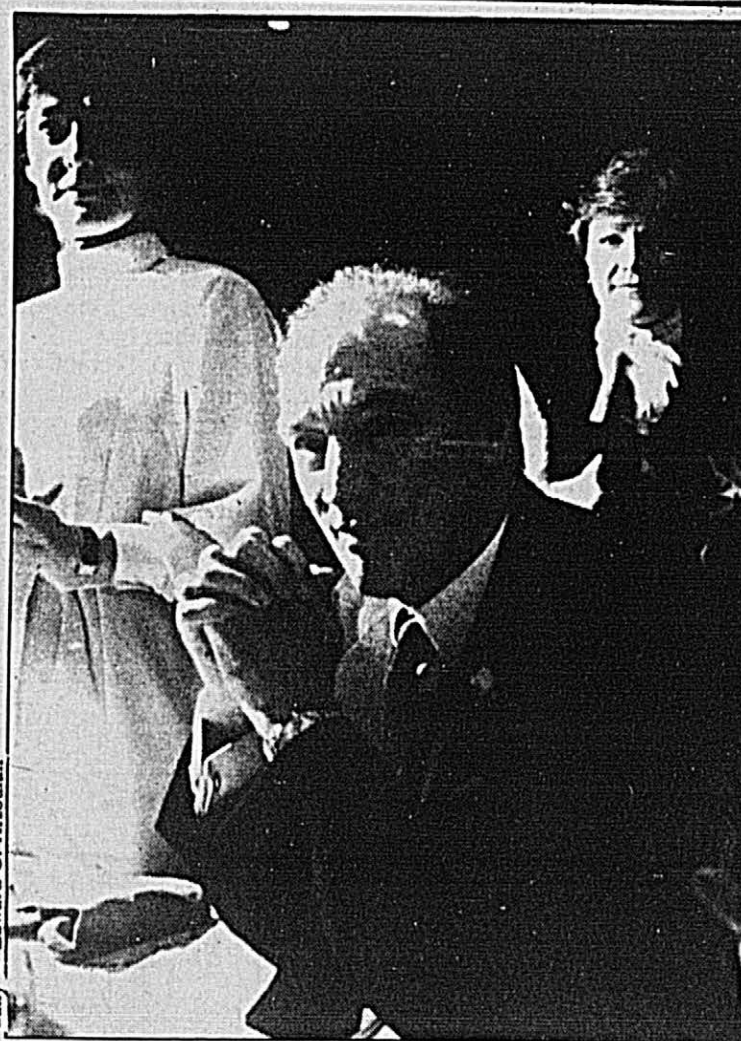
Lawyers for DeVoe Holbein Inc. Leger, Robic and Richard telephoned the *McGill Daily* staff yesterday afternoon asking that the three reporters, Peter Kuitenbrouwer, Karen Bastow and Albert Nerenberg, who were working on the invention story, be in Superior Court that afternoon.

According to the application for the injunction, if certain information is printed by the *Daily*, it could "deprive them (DeVoe Holbein Inc.) of the secrecy to which petitioners are entitled under the Laws of each of the countries in which an application has been filed", and deprive DEVOE HOLBEIN; "young corporations from their head start to commercially develop the invention."

Lawyers representing both parties agreed to re-draft the injunction application before appearing in court this morning. According to the re-draft, the *Daily* cannot print information that may reveal how the invention works or how it could be applied.

If the *Daily* breaches the injunction, the newspaper would be in contempt of court. The re-draft also states that the *Daily* cannot have the names of certain specific organic materials appear in print within a story concerning DeVoe Holbein Inc.

Yam, the *Daily's* only source continued on page 2



daily - Edward G. Arrouian

Trudeau preaches

by Suzy Goldenberg

Only one person afflicted with Trudeaumania shouted from the crowd at the pricey Liberal Party luncheon Sunday. The other 2,000 diners at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel were more attracted to the hordes of photographers trailing after the Prime Minister.

Praise for Prime Minister Pierre Elliot Trudeau's efforts for peace and disarmament has been scanty. Although a peace-crusading PM seems glamorous, the proposals made before his European jaunt at the University of Guelph and upon his return contain little that's exciting, or new.

Trudeau's speeches were couched in concern. He decried the "brutalisation of international relations," the proliferation of nuclear weapons, and the animosity between the super-powers leading to a "mindless drift towards nuclear war."

His plan is straightforward: a negotiating forum for Britain, France, China, the Soviet Union, and the United States would first freeze levels of armament among the five nations. Later, the Five would consider the reductions called for by the Non-Proliferation Treaty of 1970.

The superpowers' action would draw other nuclear and non-nuclear states to sign the treaty. One hundred nineteen countries have signed and theoretically adhere to the treaty so far.

"We need to increase the incentives for Third World states to forgo nuclear weapons," and link disarmament to development, he said.

Further on in the speech, Trudeau's ideas are less convincing. "The Warsaw Pact conventional force heavily outweigh those of NATO." He said this imbalance increases the risk of nuclear war by tempting the Eastern bloc to launch a conventional attack.

"The conclusion we draw is that the best way to raise the nuclear threshold is to establish a more reasonable balance of conventional forces."

Conventional forces should be increased on both sides to a mutually agreed level, he said.

Trudeau suggested the "Conference on Confidence and Security Building Measures and Disarmament in Europe" in Stockholm this January could be used to negotiate levels of weaponry acceptable to both sides.

Because such talks progress very slowly, Trudeau repeatedly stressed the need for "political energy" to speed up the talks.

Arch Deacan of the Privy Council Office told reporters this meant foreign ministers should be involved in negotiation instead of ambassadors and technical experts.

A fourth proposal from Trudeau is a ban on the testing and deployment of anti-satellite weaponry which is aimed at continued on page 2

Another woman assaulted

by Moira Ambrose

Another McGill woman was harassed in McLennan library last week.

After seeing a *Daily* article about an incident last Thursday, a McGill student, who wished to remain unidentified, related a similar incident that occurred last Wednesday.

The female student was looking for books in the ground floor stacks of McLennan library at 20h30, when a man described as "5'6", dark-haired, broadly-set, stocky, in his late 20's, but with a small frame and no moustache" approached and asked to read her palm. The man wore a brown jacket of leather or suede, old corduroy pants and carried a McGill bag.

"He tried to lift up my shirt and he said, 'Come on, I'll read your palm and you'll be my first Canadian woman.' He talked non-stop and I just

thought he was a quack," said the student.

"He said he wasn't a student and babbled in elementary French. This went on for 15 minutes," she added.

The woman is sure she could identify him immediately.

The student called the 3000 number listed on posters around campus on Friday. The posters were placed in washrooms this fall to alert women to possible harassment and give them a number to call in case of attack.

"I explained it (the incident) to the people at the 3000 number and they referred me to 4821. I called that number twice. First there was no answer and then a woman said to call back. Then I gave up and came to the *Daily*," she said.

Yesterday no one could be reached at 4821 and other administrators were unavailable for comment.

...court

continued from page 1

on the nature of the invention, said he has not told the *Daily* specific information which could reveal, even to people experienced in the field, how the invention could be produced.

The injunction came as a response to a letter the three reporters gave Holbein yesterday morning, with information on the company, asking for an interview before publishing a story on the invention and plans to patent it.

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by Leela MadhavaRau

While Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau presented his "mini-budget" inside the National Assembly Tuesday, approximately 4,000 angry and vocal CEGEP and university students rallied outside to protest government changes in the education system.

Although McGill is a full-fledged member of ANEQ, only 40 students from here boarded the bus to Québec.

Peter Wheeland, Secretary of Information for l'Association Nationale des étudiants-es du Québec (ANEQ), said the association which represents Québec university and CEGEP students decided in August to

schedule the demonstration for the seventh anniversary of the election of the Parti Québécois.

"In their 1976 and 1980 election campaigns they made promises and although they didn't promise unemployment, Bill 32, dequalification of CEGEP diplomas they gave us those anyway," he said.

Representatives from over 30 CEGEPs attended the demonstration.

Students from the Heritage campus of L'Oudois CEGEP in Hull said, "We came to protest amendments, we don't want fee increases and we don't need a dilution of our diploma."

Wheeland and the CEGEP students referred to the de-

qualification of the Diplôme des Etudes Collegiales (DEC). A DEC once recognised across Canada will now be limited to Québec universities and certain companies.

Students from Chicoutimi added they were in Québec "to protest our rights as students. We're sick and tired of the shit that's going on. We're not here to ask but to let the government know what we think. We're protesting seven things: PREC (diploma dequalification), Bill 32, the arms race, sexual harassment, unemployment, inaccessible education, and the reduction in loans and bursaries."

According to Wheeland, ANEQ will demand a meeting with provincial Education Minister Camille Laurin in which "we can put our demands on the table and see if he'll live up to them".

"If the P.Q. believes they have youth support, they'll know after tonight that they're wrong," he added.

The Canadian Federation of Students showed support through a letter read to demonstrators, saying "your demonstration will contribute to the Québec student movement."

The University of Winnipeg and the leader of the Québec teacher's union, Yvon Charbonneau, also sent letters of support.

Most students agreed with the oft-repeated slogan, "Ce n'est que le début, nous allons continuer le combat."

One student from Granby said, "We want to sensitise more students, have an amplification of the movement. We want all the population, all the students to get involved."

In a message shouted through the megaphone, demonstration organiser Jean-Marie Vézina, concluded, "Our march today will help students across Canada to get rights we should have today."

A police spokesman said they expected one thousand people and "no trouble". At a moment when at least 35 policemen were present, he claimed they had fifteen men there, "and no more are needed."

4,000 strike against PQ

...invention

continued from page 1

name. They refused comment and hung up.

Professor R. Murgita has been appointed interim chair of Microbiology to replace DeVoe. Referring to his new position he said "We're just trying to re-establish order."

Holbein refused to comment. According to a Microbiology professor who refused to be identified and to other sources DeVoe is presently in Holland trying to sell his invention to the Dutch government.

...Trudeau

continued from page 1

destroying the other power's communication systems, and leaving them helpless when "crisis management" is needed. Other technological developments should be checked as well.

Also important, he said, is finding a way to verify the number of intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBM's) on each side.

All this depends on the "political impulse toward a five-power nuclear conference" and commitment to such agreements as the Non-Proliferation Treaty.

Trudeau has not yet received formal approval from any of the five powers, although he has spoken to the United States, the Soviet Union, and China and visited France and Britain. So far, only the United States appears interested in what Trudeau has to say.

The Prime Minister hopes to increase the value of his plan through visits to the Japanese Prime Minister Saturday, and the Commonwealth conference in India next week.

THE HELMUT RAUCA CASE:

A Profile of Nazis Living in Canada
with
SOL LITTMAN

Nov. 22 Leacock Building

8:00 p.m. Room 132

\$2.50 McGill Students with I.D.

\$3.50 General Public

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INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS WEEK '83
TODAY: ASIAN DAY

Union 107/108

10:30am- Exhibition, Arts & Crafts

4:30pm Slides Shows, Food Sales

By:

CHINESE STUDENTS SOC.

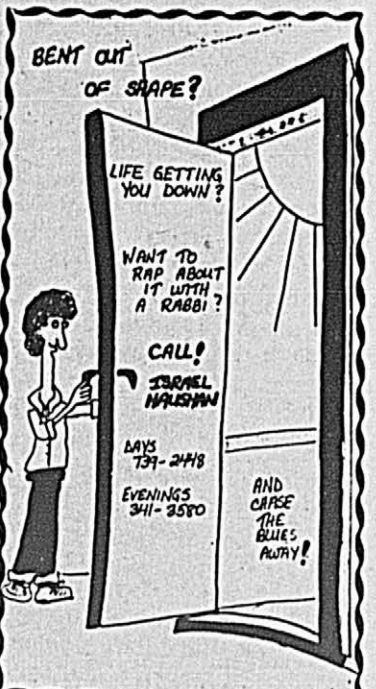
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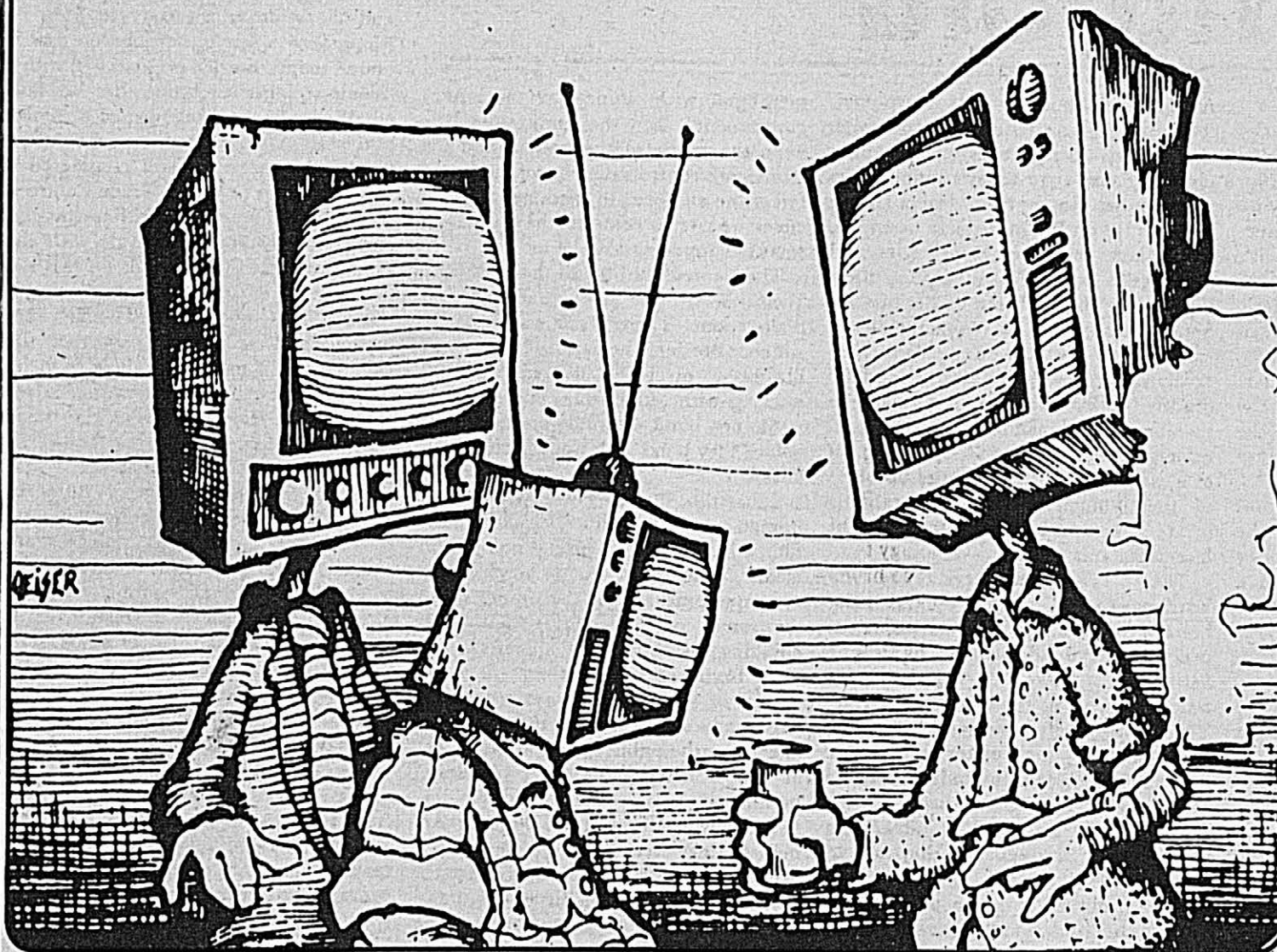
Rm. 107-108 'ARAB GET-TOGETHER' Party

8:00pm

By: ARAB STUDENTS ASS'N



Cathode ray capitilism



by John Maxwell

"The culture industry tends to make itself the embodiment of authoritative pronouncements and thus the irrefutable prophet of the prevailing order."

Adorno/Horkheimer — *The Culture Industry*.

Television is the most widely used drug in our society.

It depresses our critical capacities, renders us passive, subverts any distinctions between what is and what should be, between what is real and what is false, incomplete, or even meaningless.

After work and sleep, television is the most time consuming activity in North America.

People are more attracted to the simple activity of watching television than they are to any specific content.

Three out of five Canadians believe television is the best way to relax after a hard day (Canadian Radio-Television Commission). At the same time, almost half the people surveyed feel TV is a kind of "trap" that leads to watching for far longer than was planned.

There is also repeated evidence that television reduces brain activity; more specifically, the logical and analytic processes associated with the left hemisphere of the brain.

But television's ability to rob people of their will power, to subvert the inherently critical act of choosing content, is most clearly shown in the C.R.T.C.'s discovery that TV's audience is "extraordinarily undifferentiated".

Not only does every (demographically defined) type of person watch TV, but they all watch the same things in about equal proportions.

The passivity of an audience that simply accepts anything that is being offered reduces that audience to an amorphous mass.

Educated people are the ones who condemn television the most, but this condemnation is not translated into action. The most barren choice, that of rejection (there is no question of enacting direct change) is not exercised; they have the same viewing habits as anyone else. This gap between condemnation and appropriate action is precisely the gap which fascistic impulses within a society seek to exploit.

When people are condemning with their minds but voting yes with their actions, the contradiction between fascism and democracy has been perversely resolved.

Condemnation as justification
The inertia of television, which evolved out of a guaranteed audience and, correspondingly,

guaranteed profits, also leads to the suppression of experiment and change.

The only way to acquire the apolitical veneer insisted upon in television's entertainment is to naturalize, to normalize the existent status quo. Television takes for granted a certain ideology, certain structures of power, sex roles etc. It is only insofar as you suppress the sense that these things have been chosen — that they are contingent on our acceptance — that you seem apolitical.

Virtually none of those shows (*Hill Street Blues*, *Lou Grant*, various news shows) proceed to a questioning of the fundamental nature of our society. Instead, they affirm the possibility of a solution within the existing power structure. Everything from unemployment to sexism must have recourse to the democratic process.

But there is never any questioning of whether unemployment is acceptable or of just how democratic the processes of power are.

The way in which a prevalent ideology disarms criticism precisely by acknowledging, incorporating, and even flaunting it, has been called an ideological "recuperation" or "innoculation".

This process turns the disgrace of Watergate into a triumph of the freedom of the press and turns the American aggression in Vietnam into a tragic mistake by a morally sound nation. In both cases, they come to be seen as exceptions simply because they have been acknowledged as questionable. As Roland Barthes put it, "A little confessed evil saves one from acknowledging a lot of hidden evil."

News as entertainment

The necessity of drawing an audience for the advertisers, of covering many events quickly, of being slick, easy to understand — in a word entertaining — makes the traditional distinction between television's news and entertainment a little less than clear. An example:

During the hostage crisis in Iran, the coverage was overwhelmingly concerned with 'candle-light gestures of remembrance, interviews with the hostages' families, anti-American demonstrations in Iran, etc.

What was missing was any concerted effort to give Iran a history, to link its revolution to the Shah's despotism and the Nixon doctrine — of which the American support of the Shah was only one example.

This represents a clear choice of entertainment values over the

most rudimentary forms of analysis.

But insofar as Iran was robbed of its history, the hostage-taking appeared as no more than an unprovoked, barbaric act of aggression. Such a perception was not only the most useful to the American government, it also freed the audience from any need to understand a foreign culture and the degree of responsibility shared by its own government.

Far from calling the American foreign policy into question, Reagan can now use the hostage incident as an example of what can happen without American intervention in order to justify the invasion of Grenada.

Just as entertainment insists on the pretence of being apolitical, the news insists on its objectivity. To undermine this veneer of objectivity, you don't just have to know what is said, but what is missing, and you have to compare the two.

This is precisely the kind of critical act which the medium subverts.

Still two thirds of all Canadians believe television is the best way to find out about the world.

Capitilism as culture

Television has evolved in the hands of an oligarchy that has as many ties to other big businesses as it has advertisers — TV itself is business masquerading as art and information.

With the sets on about six hours a day in the "average" Canadian household, TV is clearly a major way in which modern societies have come to regulate the large populations they sustain.

Since television not only subverts our critical capacities like many other drugs, but also endlessly repeats, and thereby normalizes, the prevalent ideology of our society, it is a medium very well suited to a kind of inner regulation as well.

As Adorno (a cultural analyst who escaped the fascism of Germany for what he perceived to be the more subtle fascism of America) would have seen, capitilism as culture attains a completeness, coherence and purity in the context of television.

No longer confined to the workplace, capitilism now completes itself in every home as the most common way of occupying the very "leisure time" it once announced as its gift to our society.

Traditionally, we have always acknowledged a kind of mystical, or at least mystified, difference between business and the concerns of the artist.

Television dissolves this difference by dissolving art into business.

And even as profits are amassed, our culture is going bankrupt.

the supplement

Feminist revolution on celluloid

by Paula Siepniewicz

Born in Flames, screened twice at the recent International Festival of New Cinema, is a refreshing example of a film which is effectual as both a political and artistic work. Lizzie Borden — the director, editor, and writer — has created a film which is revealing and inspiring.

Set ten years after a social democratic revolution in the United States, *Born in Flames* follows the awkward and inadequate rise of a Women's Liberation Army. Women have discovered that the "new" society is a bit too similar to the old, particularly where their rights are concerned.

Borden uses techniques which probably did not sit well with much of the audience — grainy images, choppy dialogue, abrupt scene changes, and a non-professional cast are not the stuff of which Hollywood movies are made. Yet this is precisely the effect Borden intended to achieve.

Borden: "My feeling was that if I really pulled these women from such different places, why should they all be represented in the same visual style? I also wanted to make a style that looked shot-off-the-hip, like anyone could shoot it, so that is wouldn't be an alienated voyeuristic thing — beautiful posed shots with skin gleaming in the moonlight..." (*The Independent*, November 1983).

Borden employs music brilliantly. The pulses of *The Bloods*, *Ibis*, and *Red Crayola* throb to the eclectic movement of the camera, adding to the action's ragged pace.

Above all, these techniques are effective because they help make *Born in Flames* a politically meaningful and important film.

Almost all films screened in North American theatres, mainstream and otherwise, are guilty of presenting both women and men in a male context. Casts are predominately male, and the few female characters are portrayed as through the eyes of men. To watch the strong, self-reliant, angry women who dominate *Born in Flames* is a relief and a joy. Borden has been accused of appealing to us on an emotional level, and of arousing our "virulently anti-male" (*The Supplement*, 10 November 1983) sentiments. Yet it is our emotional response to the realities of our lives which make our politics relevant and immediate, enough so to make us *do* something. And yes, the struggle against women's oppression necessarily encompasses an "anti-male" perspective — recognising the presence, let alone power, of women in a male-dominated society is inherently subversive.

Borden: "It's revolutionary to show women like that working together, just presenting those images."

The strong emphasis of the media throughout helps bring the film together and adds to our insights into our pre-revolutionary society. The fact of our understanding of the world is revealed —

not how it is, but how it is interpreted. The new social democratic society is shown to us through television newscasts chillingly similar to today's insipid news programmes. In contrast, Isabel (Adele Bertel) raps on Radio Regazza to anyone who'll kick shit, and Honey (her real name) talks soul on Phoenix Radio, offering her perceptions based on her life and her politics. After the Women's Liberation Army is branded "counter-revolutionary" on the TV news, "vandals" destroy both radio stations, and the members of both ban together to form an underground radio station, operating out of a moving truck. Meanwhile, members of the Women's Army are grabbing pirate T.V. broadcasts at gunpoint. The interpretations clash.

The Socialist Youth Review, the New York newspaper, guided by the heavy hand of the state, covers up the suspicious prison death of Adelaide Norris (Jeanne Satterfield, a basketball player), a militant member of the Women's Army. Three female editors respond by defying the attempts of their editor to persuade them not to explain the indiscrepancies of Norris's death in the pages of the newspaper. Ultimately, their indiscretion leads to their dismissal and they turn to the Women's Army.

The media as a theme works to illustrate the disillusionment even of party

members with their "revolutionary government", and the similarities between the media of the present and the film's state-controlled media of the future forces the audience to examine the principles we use to come to the "truth" of what is happening around us.

The representation of the rise of a Women's Army in *Born in Flames* is a realistic one. There is one exception, to which Borden herself admits: the likelihood of black lesbian militants working with bitter white female punks — women bond with men on racial lines before they bond with women on gender lines.

Otherwise, the bittersweet portrayal of women coming to militancy is real. In the film, they begin by using non-violent means — hoards of female bicyclists race to a rape scene, scaring the attackers with the sound of their shrill whistles. If anything has stopped the women's movement from becoming a threat, it is the refusal of so many feminists to assume hard tactics and resign themselves to alienating the public (often to the extent of not calling themselves feminists because of the nasty connotations).

The obvious flaws of the Women's Army's strategy seem only too likely. They act without appearing to make connections between their specific situation and the situation of the vast majority of the

people around them. And they strive only to have some enlightened despot — the state — see fit to offer them their basic rights; they are without a vision of a society in which input into the decisions that affect their lives is implicit.

However, *Born in Flames* is more than a commentary on women's oppression and the strategy necessary to fight it. Along with a feminist revolution that is bound to fail, Borden presents a us with a pseudo-socialist revolution that has failed. We see the unlikelihood of a revolution which has any meaning in the United States when jobs are still considered a privilege and the World Trade Centre is still standing. We witness with sorrow and frustration as women struggle with the same problems that exist today; it is sad to recognise the consequences of revolutionary movements passed that were myopic and failed to encompass the values essential to a true egalitarian society, but it is equally frustrating to see women, in response, make the same drastic mistakes.

Praise aside, there are severe limitations to the effectiveness of *Born in Flames* and other films like it: there are few of them, and their audiences are small. Filmmakers, distributors, theatre owners, and the general public are all chasing after commercial trash which is less meaningful than masturbating. The result is that the four hundred or so people who saw *Born in Flames* at the Festival are probably the only people who will have the chance to view the film in Montréal.

Even so, *Born in Flames* is a breath of fresh air. It is not a manifesto, nor is it a fantasy. The combination of technique, realism, and an examination of vital issues shows us what real political cinema is. We must recognise it. And demand it.



Honey speaks to discontented women across New York on the waves of Phoenix Radio in *Born in Flames*.

the supplement

Critical kultcha listings

by Brendan Kelly
POP:

Save Our Songwriters: The S.O.S. Club, a non-profit organization formed to promote Montréal based performers of original music, presents 3 bands for \$8.

Featuring The Kinkades, The Ferocious Bunnies.

I don't know any of the bands but its a good political cause —

speaking radical film buffs. Go see the post-Dadaist/radical director's tribute to the class he loved to hate.

Monday, Nov. 21, 21:30. Cinema V. In French with English subtitles. \$1.99.

Circle of Deceit: Volker Schlöndorff's last work gives me a rare opportunity to recommend a McGill Film Society movie. Set in civil-war-torn

berg duet, it's a stylistic to-the-point-of-surreal love/lust story. Dietrich is stunningly perfect as the femme fatale in pre-Civil War Spain. It's worth it just to see Sternberg's extravagant sets. John Dos Passos worked as screenwriter adapting Pierre Zouys' *Woman and Puppet*.

Wednesday, Nov. 23, 20:30. Conservatoire (Hall Bldg., 1455 de Maisonneuve O.). \$1.75

PARTY:

Fête Populaire: "On est pas barrés." To celebrate the end of Prisoners' Week.

Sunday, Nov. 20, 18:00. 1323 est, Boul. Dorchester.

LECTURE:

Le Nucléaire et la Reconversion des Emplois : ou les Coûts Sociaux de l'Armement: A debate.

Tuesday, Nov. 22, 19:30. 2308 Nicolet. \$5.00. Information: 526-0439.

THEATRE:

Gens du Silence: A play about working-class Italian immigrants in Québec; their problems of adjustment and alienation from the francophone collectivity. Micone's last play, *Adorata*, about an Italian woman struggling to free herself from the constraints of her background and the stereotypes surrounding immigrants, was a hit last year.

Thursday to Saturday, Nov. 17 to 19, 20:30. Sunday, Nov. 20, 15:00. La Licorne, 2075 Boul. St. Laurent.

La Contre-Nature de Chrysippe Tanguay,

Ecologiste: Written by Michel-Marc Bouchard and directed by André Brassard. Both the theatre and the director have a long track record of interesting and imaginative productions.

Thursday to Saturday, Nov. 17 to 19, 20:00. Sunday, Nov. 20, 15:00. Théâtre D'Aujourd'hui, 1298 Papineau.

L'Idiot: By Dostoevski. With Gabriel Arcand in the title role. Well-known actor with a reputation for stretching himself in unusual theatrical undertakings tackles Dostoevski's character. Small theatre — reservations are essential.

Thursday to Sunday, Nov. 17 to

20, 20:30. Théâtre du Groupe de la Veillée, 550 Atwater. Reservations: 933-8146.

(Theatre listings thanks to Susan Keys.)



helping starving artist that is — and it's real cheap (the beer is also \$1.25 or 5 for \$5). They might not all be top-notch but if you don't support them, they won't get any better.

These events often have a loose, drunk atmosphere too.

Friday, Nov. 18, 21:30. At Holden Fisher Hall (YWCA Bldg.), 1355 Boul. Dorchester FILM:

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie: "Bunuel's mingling of realism and dream here moves him closer to the anarchic freedom of his early surrealist period, distilling seditious intent into sequences of limpid purity. In this most insane of all worlds, engulfed by war and destruction, the imperturbable upper class attempts, ever more irrelevantly, to maintain gentility and civilized values (good meals and manners, empty talk and reverence for money)."

So says Amos Vogel in *Film as a Subversive Art*. It's a rare treat to see Bunuel on Montréal screens, especially for English-

Beirut, *Circle of Deceit* deals with the ethics of journalism. Some criticize it for suffering from a Eurocentric vision. See it for yourself and decide. With the great Hanna Schygulla.

Saturday, Nov. 19, 18:30 and 21:30. Leacock 132. \$2.00.

The Devil is a Woman: The seventh and last Dietrich/Stern-

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the supplement

Weller poses as the last angry young man

by Tim Gauthier

"Big sixteen and straight out of school to clock in at the DHSS and live the teenorama myth on a street corner. Chewing nails, gum and getting bored or hostile. If only those in command could see: People need pride, not party politics, but alas their vision is warped, their minds hopelessly out of touch and their lust is for power, not body heat. I'm glad I ain't 16. To be so young, so beautiful and so strong and not to be heard is criminal. Give up? Bow down? Surrender? Never!"

*Just Another Weller Manifesto
first Respond Compilation LP
"Love the Reason"*

The tone is set. Nothing typifies Paul Weller's philosophy better than another of his fervent outcries against life in a Conservative England, a life where adolescents are simply left to foster. The points of debate can all be found in those precious few sentences. The main difficulty is that they are rarely ever put to work elsewhere.

To write succinctly about Weller is a difficult task — people have either never heard of him or know him all too well. Since his dissolution of the Jam last December, he has inevitably come under a great deal of pressure.

The Jam, quite possibly the most popular band in England in the last five years, had acquired such a faithful following that it appeared as though Weller had lost complete control of his senses. But he is a man who thrives under pressure, an individual with high-flown ambitions and ideals. He saw that he had taken the Jam as far as they could go.

I was shocked, but clearly saw his reasoning. Even before the band had ceased to be, he had created his own label, Respond, and started a small publishing house, perhaps aptly named Riot Stories.

It is possibly a symptom of the unfailing popular support Weller receives, but his faith in the power of pop is for the most part embarrassing. Four years ago



The Clash labelled themselves "The only band that matters." Full of political virility, they felt (Strummer particularly) they had the power to topple governments. Nothing could stand in their way; pop seemed as if it could now serve as a means of achieving political ends. One looks at The Clash today and sees them for what they are: simply part and parcel of the Rock 'n' Roll conglomerate.

Yet even after seven Jam albums, Weller has not learnt the naïveté of his ways. Even now, in 1983, the year which Weller felt was sure to bring about radical changes, the thoroughly dependable English have voted Thatcher back in, and all Weller can do is write a song called *Money-go-Round* — an "epic seven and a half minute song" which Thatcher shall never hear (never mind any other lower-ranking Conservative MPs) and which to my ears sounds more like a funky celebration than an outcry.

One can and should admire his convictions, his continual assault upon those who will be blasé — one simply wishes he would come to the realisation of how very little he can actually accomplish. He should face facts, not invent them.

But Weller would have us believe Respond will be the new Motown, which is all fine and dandy, except for the fact that none of the acts signed up so far, including his own Style Council, seem to stand up to the test. Tracie may represent the "vitality and enthusiasm" of the new label; that is not to say, however, that she is actually gifted with any talent. One would get the impression, having been picked by answering Weller's ad in *Smash Hits*, that she is merely there as a symbol to all other sixteen and seventeen year olds who are trapped on that island of theirs. Symbols are fine, yet one should be told about the empty dreams and promises they often hide.

Out of the other bands signed to the label so far, the A Craze are the only ones who have shown the slightest inkling of some well-found idea. I'm willing to give Vaughn Toulouse's Main TKO a chance, knowing what the man is capable of, but The Questions are simply a piece of out-

worn nostalgia, misplaced mods covering ground long ago trampled by hands such as Secret Affair and, ironically enough, The Jam.

The pretence for this article, of course, was to deal with the new EP *Introducing: The Style Council*. Most of the points applied to Weller's own philosophy are more glaringly apparent on the record itself. The most Motown-ish song is *Long Hot Summer* — Marvin Gaye perfected this type of slow, breezy, wistful tune years before Weller even conceived of the idea. The "Club Re-mix" is an even bigger waste of vinyl.

Speak like a Child with Tracie singing backup is the tune which most exemplifies The Promise of Youth which Weller postulates. But the song is one of so little punch or drive, with lines like "You walk through streets that mean nothing to you / You believe you're a varmint and I don't really blame you," that make it hard to take the whole thing seriously.

Paris-Match is the most initially appealing song, but it clearly represents Weller's art-love for everything Parisian when he is, and always will be, a boy from Woking. What's coming from Weller and Respond at the moment is a great deal of misguided principles and ideals which only lead to unfulfilled promises.

Introducing the Style Council is fine listening, something one can slip on the turntable while doing the dishes, but it's not, repeat not, what Paul Weller would have us believe it is.

I read the preceding paragraphs and find myself being exceedingly harsh yet not feeling all that guilty about it. There was a time when I would have done almost anything to have people listen to what Weller had to say. Right now, I have great difficulty finding the message myself.

Weller hasn't seemed to realize his package of "everyday England" is missing the spark that will transform this monotonous simplicity into something more touchingly original and perhaps familiar. Until then, I'll lend my ears elsewhere.

Greek film is alive and experimental

by Dennis Marinakis

Despite overwhelming odds, Greek cinema has made it into the eighties. That in itself is an accomplishment.

The advent of a national television service in the early seventies, coupled with the political repression of the colonels' regime, put the squeeze on both "commercial" studios and independent filmmakers. Prior to this, both had prospered in a country which, at the time, led the world in cinema attendance per capita.

Commercial producers were unable to crank out local soaps — the life-blood of Greek film pre-1970 — that could compete with *Charlie's Angels*, *Hawaii 5-0*, *Dallas* and other dubbed exports of American cultural imperialism shown nightly on the state-owned network.

At the same time, artistic censorship and the cultural sycophantism which it engendered encouraged many of the most talented composers, actors, producers and directors to emigrate. Several have achieved international recognition: Vangelis, Costa Gravas, Melina Mercouri, Irene Pappas, Mikis Theodorakis, and Michalis Cacoyannis, to name but a few.

Those who remained, worked semi-clandestinely, often with little financial backing, in the vacuum of an art form which no longer existed in any real sense. Cat-and-mouse games pitted artist

against censor as the former constantly tried to outwit the latter.

The Festival International du Nouveau Cinema has brought together seven representative works of the so-called New Wave in Greek cinema which sprang up with the demise of the military regime in 1974. These films, largely experimental in nature, played to a wide audience within Greece and have received critical acclaim internationally.

Their stylistic approach represents a new mode in Greek cinematic expression. The many skeletons in the national closet are examined with a stark earnestness reminiscent of the Italian *Cinéma réaliste* of the 1950's and its ideological progression as seen in the art of Pasolini and Bertolucci. The subject matter, however, remains largely Greek: the civil war, political betrayal, the rigid class structure of Greek society, the emptiness of village life and the moral/sexual ambivalence of a devout patriarchal society faced with technological change.

The preachy, self-righteous tone of many of these films is usually made palatable by a wry sense of black humor, interesting juxtapositions of fantasy and reality and an attempt to use unconventional cinematic techniques.

Two films merit particular attention: *The Electric Angel* directed by Thanassis Rentzis and *O Megasalexan-*

dros by one of Greece's most well-respected directors, Theodoros Angelopoulos.

The Electric Angel is an attempt to bring to screen the multifaceted dimensions of human erotic experience interpreted through poetic, mythological and



scientific imagery. The film itself is structured like an operatic sequence of different acts; each one exploring a particular facet of what Rentzis feels is the "essential nature of the erotic archetype". Rentzis is considered to be the contemporary master of experimental film, in Greece.

O Megasalexandros, a Greek-Italian coproduction is the most ambitious film of the New Wave. Over three-hours long, with an impressive cast, it relates the exploits of a charismatic turn of the century brigand-outlaw while at the same time alluding to the contemporary evolu-

tion of modern Greek society. In recognition of its unusual quality, the film was awarded the Golden Lion Award at the 1980 Venice film festival.

Both films will be shown this Sunday at Cinéma Outremont, with French and English sub-titles.

New Film Fest: cultural buffer zone

by Julian Samuel
"Je lis très peu."

Claude Chamberlan

Imagine the House of Commons after all the meetings and self-confused chatter are over. The cleaners, who wipe Lemon Pledge on and off the oak benches, have left.

Spotlight: we hear a chair creak and we discover a corpse where Madame Speaker sits. The body is cold, frigid — rigor mortis is jammed between the stiff and leather.

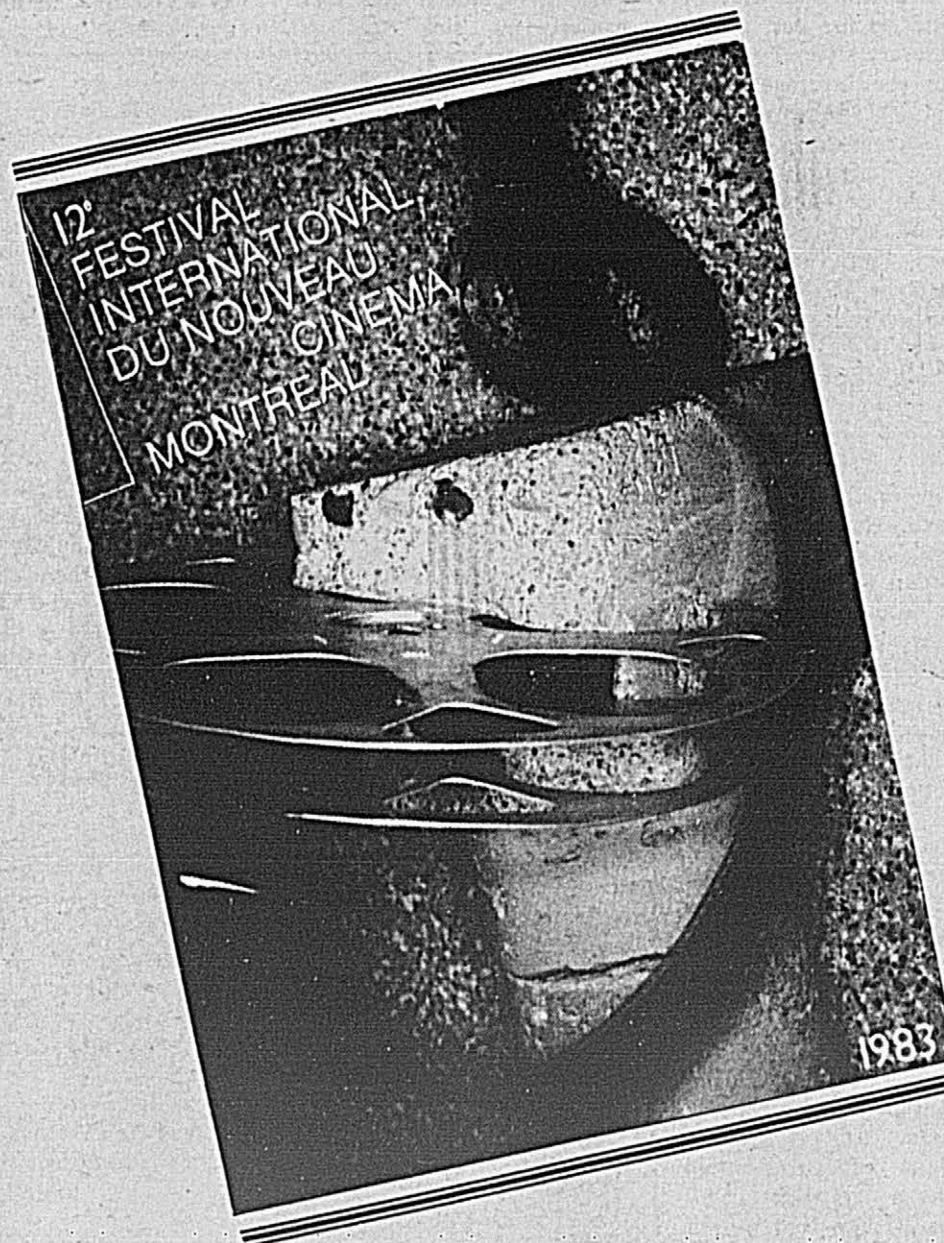
There is a hole somewhere, near the right, near the eyes. The wound is old and green fungus bubbles, gnawing at the festering hole. Plato called this hole the Republic.

The screen changes. Through the hole we can see shadows in the inside wall of the cranium. As the chair creaks there is a sync change in the lighting. One of the under-paid, non-unionized cleaning staff runs up to the corpse and writes on the forehead, "Cultural Institutions".

The chair (society) wants to dislodge its occupier. I walk closer and see a fine line which unmistakably labels the green, and now rapidly moving, fungus as Dimitri Eipides and Claude Chamberlan's Festival International du Nouveau Cinema.

The corpse jerks spasmodically in the chair. It falls. No sound as it hits the floor. The spotlight diameter contracts. The stiff perspires piss and some of the larger pores excrete excrement. Hissing air leaves the inflated body.

I move it with my foot: a further label, on its back, in football fluorescent, highschool 3D lettering, reads, "Department of Multiculturalism and Film Festivals and various other buffer zones to



real social change: Keep drunk."

We look at one and other puzzled. Abrupt change: bright existential light scorches the old furniture. Things in general reconvene.

This year's film festival cost us a quarter of a million dollars. Serious political filmmakers numbered a few....they were told to catch the train and to stay with friends or to look up long lost relatives to stay with. She also told me that she was a member of the African National Congress (ANC).

Bigtime white, European filmmakers got plane tickets, room service in the Hotel du Parc and their films were shown on Saturday night — cultural prime-time. Lots of cushy, mind-softening films clustered like barnacles or barbarians to the principle invitees.

The non-stop cabaret/barrage at the Salle Polanaise with disco pounding arrested all possible conversation. Here's my card....I live in International Berlin....I loved your film....do people in the Third World really dress like that....yes I'm sure Francis Ford Coppola gave the natives nice doughnuts to eat.

I have to stop talking now because the disco is partitioning my consciousness and I have to listen to the half-baked imitation of Edith Piaf.

Jet lag. Next year the same corpse....more holes, called cultural institutions, sprout — collapsing from the inside. 747 jets bring Sony Walkman-esque filmmakers from all over international Europe and North America.

The Republic is old. The Republic is cold. And of course the holes are herpetic, only the feet are left untouched. The journalist buzz from film to film, from hole to hole.

the supplement

Coppola: one for the trash heap

by Robert Costain

Francis Ford Coppola's ill-fated film, *One From the Heart*, arrived in Montréal last week with surprisingly little fanfare. Despite its inconspicuous premiere, the film had all of the usual Coppola extravagance.

Best known for *The Godfather* and *Apocalypse Now*, Coppola is regarded as something of an eccentric genius in the film world. His films since *Apocalypse Now* have been marked by visual extravagance which often hides plot and character development, and sometimes covers up poor scripts.

One From the Heart is no deviation from the Coppola pattern. The film is almost completely visual. Its main distinguishing feature is that it was filmed entirely inside Coppola's Zoetrope Studios. Since the setting for the film is Las Vegas and its environs, the sets are very spectacular. These are probably the most remarkable thing about the film.

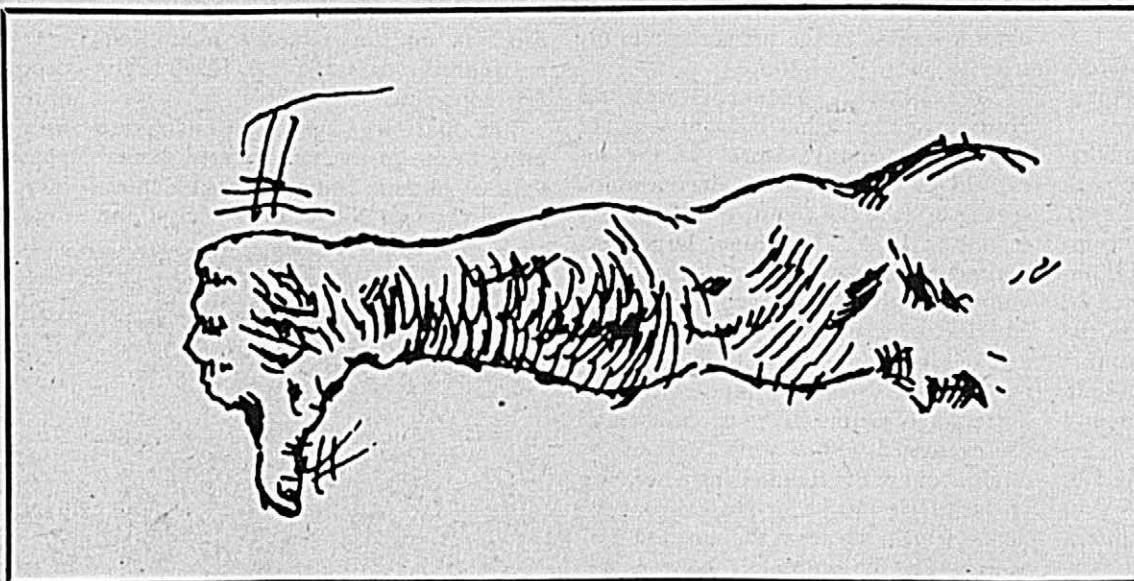
Coppola spared no expense to create what appears to be an entirely indoor version of the Nevada city. The attention to detail is incredible, right down to what appears to be a real 727 aircraft but is really a clever bit of camera trickery.

Visually, Coppola is probably the finest director around. The opening scene of the film zooms us in from street to store window, through the store window and into the store. It is an incredible use of the continuous shot, and an example of the excellent direction that continues throughout the film.



Unfortunately, anyone attempting to wade beyond the visual aspects of the film will find it seriously, even fatally, lacking. The script of *One From the Heart* is atrocious. The dialogue is weak and the characters are usually unconvincing: their motives are poorly explained and the viewer is left wondering why the characters are acting the way they are. It is not difficult to understand why this film did so poorly at the box office and was withdrawn within days of its initial release last year.

Films like *One From the Heart* leave one wondering why



Coppola bothers. His credentials are impeccable, but he gets so caught up in lush visual imagery that he pays no attention whatsoever to the quality or continuity of his story lines.

Since his fine directorial performance in *The Conversation*,

Coppola has been hung up on elaborate and overly expensive productions. With the exception of *The Godfather* — and to a much lesser extent *Apocalypse Now* — his films have been critical and financial failures. Coppola has driven his com-

pany, Omni Zoetrope, to the verge of bankruptcy twice, yet his taste for extravagance never seems to lessen.

He used innovative video editing techniques which must have cost him hundreds of

thousands of dollars to create the spectacular visual effects in *One From the Heart*, but the content of the film is so utterly lacking that all Coppola's effort and expense seem wasted.

That Coppola should waste his own money and effort to reproduce visually spectacular trash is not as bad as his waste of four fine actors, including Frederic Forrest, who starred as Chef in *Apocalypse Now*. Their performances, though valiant attempts at characterisation, are inconsequential in light of the visual dominance of the film. My friend commented about the actors: "They might as well have been mannequins."

It is about time that Coppola took a good hard look at the lack of balance between story and visual quality in his films. Until he strikes a balance between the two, he is wasting our time as well as our money.

The Cronenberg zone

by Marie-Catherine Giguere

Reading a novel by Stephen King is one of those guilty pleasures I like allowing myself. Yes, he is commercial and has been criticized for not using a proper literary style. But King writes for your average "Monsieur (ou Madame)-tout-le-monde," and he knows how and where to grab his readers without losing grip until the end of the novel. Many of his books have been taken to the big screen, and the latest one is *The Dead Zone* (Christine is due on December 9th).

The Dead Zone is the story of a young man who, after an accident that kept him in a coma for five years, can see a person's future by touching him/her. Upon shaking hands with a candidate for Congress, he senses that the man will become U.S. President and will launch a nuclear war. What does he do? He kills him. King had developed a story full of images and emotions that keeps you reading till the wee hours of the morning, tickling your imagination.

The film, though, is quite different. We expect something out of the ordinary since it's directed by David Cronenberg. Cronenberg's reputation is based on his extravagant special effects triggered by his, mostly, sexual obsessions. You will remember, for instance, Debby Harry's lips coming out of a TV screen in *Videodrome*.

The Dead Zone turns out to be such a straight and unimaginative film that you sit there, watching and absorbing a series of images that do not have

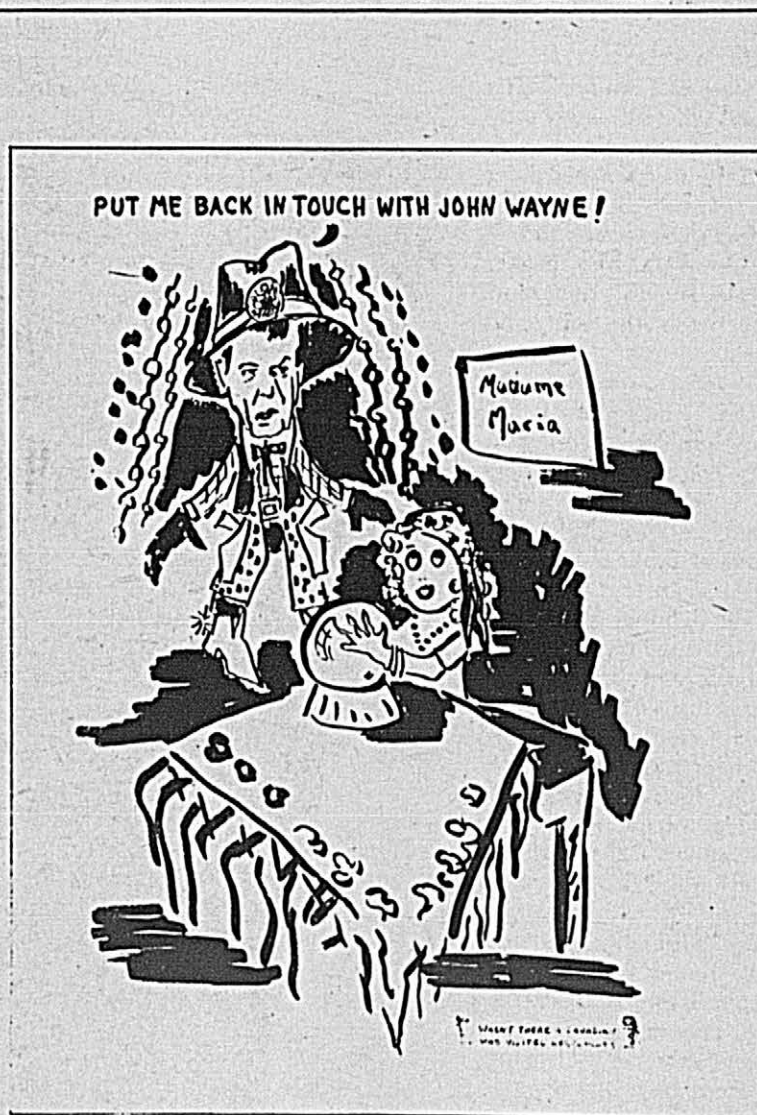
much significance. And you think, "but I'm supposed to be sitting on the edge of my seat..."

Christopher Walken as Johnny Smith, the psychic, has some sensitivity in him, but not

enough for you to really relate to him. *The Dead Zone* is absolutely bland. Some scenes might make you jump, but it does not compensate for the lack of zest. Too bad, 'cause the

King-Cronenberg combination seemed so appealing at first.

As my friend put it, the film is "long and sticky, like molasses in winter."



BASS '83

Burning Spear and reggae's decline

by Eric Rosenzweig

"You can make it if you really want, but you must try, try and try, till you succeed at last..."

Jimmy Cliff in the Harder They Come.

Burning Spear's return to Montréal at the Spectrum on Monday was something of a shock for longtime Reggae fans.

I missed local rockers JR Express, but got what was to be expected from Kitchener, Ontario's own Messenjah. They actually had excellent sound, but were too rushed and lacked any real emotion. Three minutes of the lead singer jumping up and down proclaiming, "I am African Rastaman" was more than sufficient for my needs.

But Spear, dear Burning Spear, is the band that, even more than Bob Marley, distilled the essence of what Reggae music is.

Good music, and this isn't as subjective a term as we might imagine, has always been characterized by an emotional depth that must after all come from the musicians themselves. Different musical genres at different times display this depth for different reasons.

Since the mid-70's, Reggae music's raison d'être has always been twofold: the spiritual expression of the Rastafarian religion and a message of social concern. But watching *The Harder They Come*, the original reggae flick, before Spear came on (an excellent choice by the folks at the Spectrum), made me understand the music that much more clearly.

For many, Reggae music was, more than anything, a means to escape the poverty of West Kingston. If you wanted it badly enough and you had the requisite talent, you could make it.

Having much in common with Jazz from an economic standpoint, it was never easy for a Reggae musician to make money from his craft. Producers could always benefit but players got the proverbial short end.

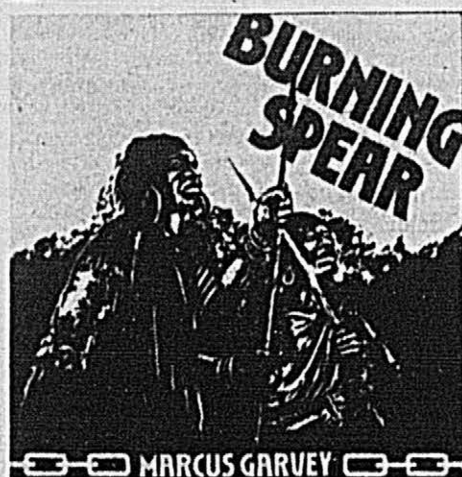
When Burning Spear moved to the Island record label in 1975, along with many other Jamaican talents, worldwide distribution and the possibility of international success were present for the first time. In the case of Burning Spear, brilliant recordings allowed group leader Winston Rodney to pour money back into his own community, the Parish of St. Ann.

But since 1980, repeated touring and its effect on the new generation of musi-

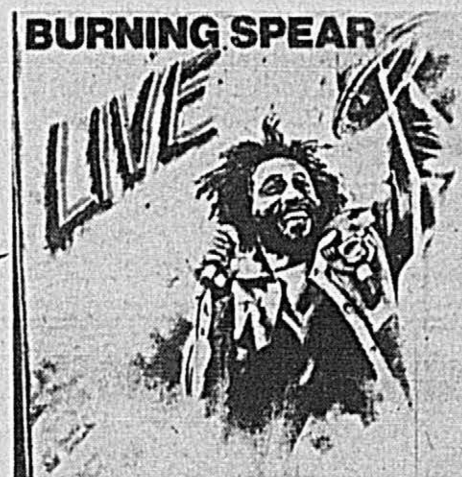
cians has caused a corresponding spiritual decline in the music. Prior to this, the old guard had often been reluctant to leave Jamaica. Hence the dearth of live Reggae. Touring, and hence recognition outside Jamaica, has economically improved the lot of the musicians, but we now get a drummer whose hero is Billy Cobham, not Marcus Garvey.

This version of Burning Spear was as tight as expected, but at times sounded like a stoned Blood, Sweat and Tears. Perhaps I'm being too harsh.

The story of the breakup of the original Marley band, the Wailers, seems to best summarize what I've been trying to get at.



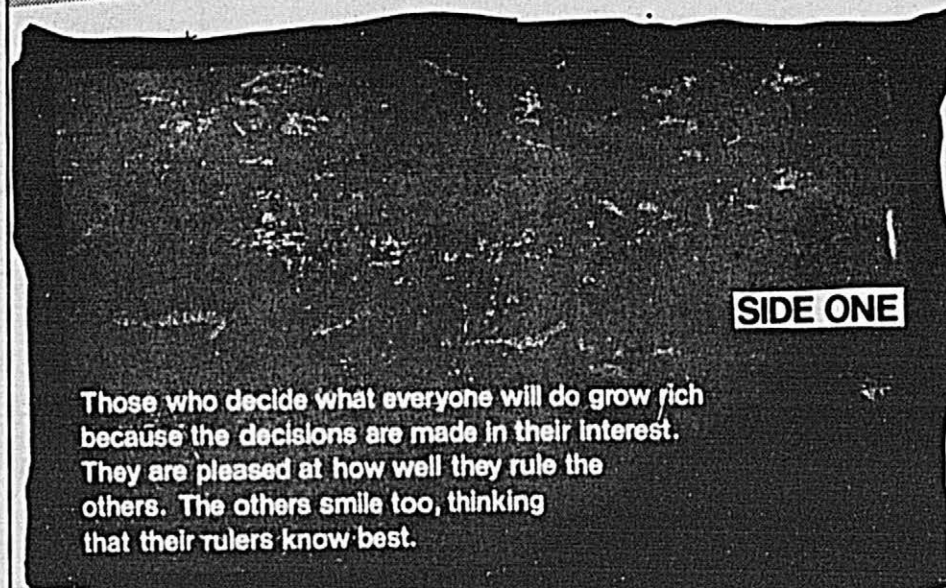
Originally composed of three vocalists, Peter Tosh and Bunny Wailer, as well as Marley, the break-up of the group saw each embark on a different path. Peter Tosh moved out on his own, signed with the Stones label, formed a touring band, and now regularly sells hundreds of



thousands of records. Bunny Wailer, on the other hand, moved back into the hills and comes down to Kingston once or twice a year to record his records, refusing to leave Jamaica.

Pick up a Tosh recording and a Wailer recording and listen to each of them. Better yet, pick up Burning Spear's classic *Social Living* or Marcus Garvey and shed a tear. It's over.

Gang of scabs



Those who decide what everyone will do grow rich because the decisions are made in their interest. They are pleased at how well they rule the others. The others smile too, thinking that their rulers know best.

Vancouver (CUP) — A unionized British band with Marxist political leanings crossed picket lines at the University of B.C. to play a concert in the student union building.

The Gang of Four met Office and Technical Employee Union pickets and a handful of student supporters Nov. 7 outside the building just prior to the show.

A union member told the band they were crossing a legal picket line but one member said, "It's too late. We're here now."

One student protestor carried picket signs which read "Gang of Scabs" and "The Gang of Four crossed this line. Will You?"

Another band member said he was vaguely aware of the OTEU dispute with UBC's student council, the union's

employer. The band's manager Kevin Harvey said he was against crossing lines.

"We had no prior warning that this was happening and consequently we know very little of the details. We can't just turn up with all this equipment and disappoint 600 kids," Harvey said.

But Harvey said he and most of the other roadies signed an acknowledgement of the pickets and they crossed in protest.

The band's road crew crossed earlier in the day to set up equipment.

The student union's employees started striking for a wage increase Nov. 5. Since then management has continued services with help from student council executive members.

The weekend before another union group, David Raven Band, crossed lines to play for a Nursing Week Dance.



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English tutor available — M.A. with two years teaching experience — Composition or literature. Call Michael, afternoons or evenings, at 270-5901.

385 — NOTICES

Editing, proofreading: — Theses, term papers, C.V.'s/resumes, promotional blurbs, etc. Reasonable rates. Call 270-5901, afternoons or evenings.

MICROCOMPUTER USERS — If you own or use microcomputers, and like to contact others with similar interest, participate in this microcomputer user-survey. Call 849-3091 after 8 p.m.

HUMANISTIC STUDIES STUDENTS. We're sorry the letters were delayed by the strike. You're still quite welcome at our General Meeting, Thursday, 4:30, Room 601, Brontman.

389 — MUSICIANS WANTED

Musician(s) wanted — to play at a Gardner Hall "Coffee House" in late November, possibly again later in the year. 1-2+ hours — call Morgan, 286-0902.

TODAYS

McGill Film Society — presents Wuthering Heights at 20h00 in FDAA.

Stress and Sexuality — Discussion group held in Powell Student Services building, room 301, 12-13h30.

Montréal Statistics Colloquium The history of statistics from 1748 to 1749. 4 pm Burnside Hall Room 1205.

McGill Yoga and Meditation Society An Introduction to Meditation. Religious Studies Bldg. Chapel, 2nd floor, Thursdays 2-4 pm.

"Relectura veranlega de Espana Invertebrada", (in Spanish) Professor Marcelino Amasuno McGill University, Leacock Council Room 3p.m.

Project Ploughshares presents Dr. Richard Logan on "The Psychology of Nuclear War" at 8:00 p.m. in Room 425 of the Student Union.

A Layperson's guide to Genetic Engineering a lecture by Dr. John Southin, McGill Dept. of Biology Presented by McGill Student Pugwash at 8:00 in room A9, first floor McConnell Engineering Building.

Humanistic Studies Students' Association General Meeting at 4:30 p.m. room 601, Brontman German Students' Lounge. All Welcome!

Pollack Hall recitals Sydney Vrana Guitar recital 8pm. Harpsichord recital 8 p.m.

Amnesty International Urgent Action meeting today (5 p.m. Union 425). Everyone welcome... every letter helps!

From Class to Ethnicity: Social Inequality in Britain Dr. Christopher McAll, Research Associate, McGill Anthropology 4:30 Leacock 758.

Linguistic Theory and Language Acquisition Professor Helen Goodluck, University of Wisconsin-Madison on The Ontogeny of Relative Clauses.

How to read the bible as if it really mattered... discussion group sponsored by Chaplaincy Services, Newman Centre 43484 Peel, at 4p.m. For more information call 392-5890 or 392-6711.

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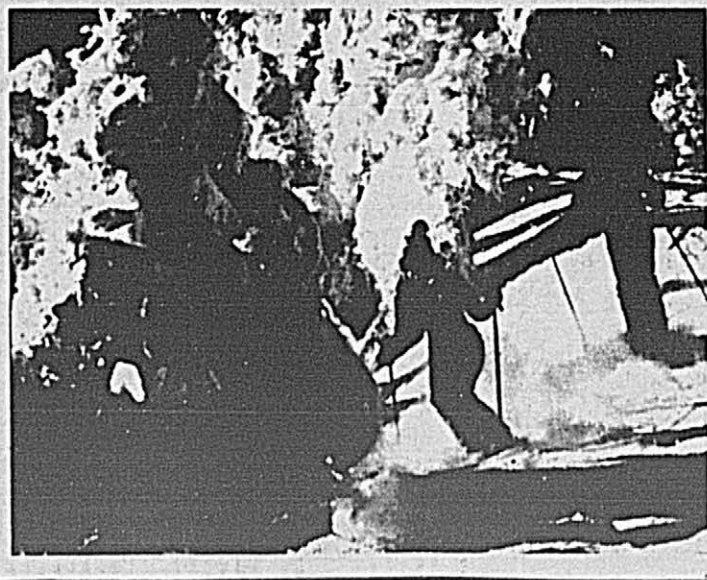
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The present Dean of the Faculty of Engineering, Dr. G.W. Farnell, will complete his second five-year term on May 31, 1984.

Nominations to and applications for, as well as comments about, the post are invited. The Dean administers the programs, budgets, and all activities of the Faculty. Appropriate scholarly and administrative experience is required; facility in French is desirable.

Nominations or applications, preferably accompanied by a curriculum vitae of the candidate and the names of three people who will act as referees, should be addressed to: Principal D.L. Johnston, F. Cyril James Administration Building, prior to November 30, 1983.



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Classical at McGill

by Peter M.S. Tannenbaum

The McGill Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Richard Hoenich, shone in all its glory last Saturday night in a concert at Pollack Hall. The program contained a balanced mixture of music from different Western traditions.

The first offering was Samuel Barber's *Adagio for Strings*. Though Barber is best known for his many songs for voice and piano, the *Adagio* remains his most popular work. The student ensemble brought out all the searing intensity in this romantic piece.

Next was the debut of *Three Sketches for Orchestra* by McGill composer Brian Sexton. Hoenich has adopted the policy of including student works in his programs for the McGill Symphony, and this is very laudable. Besides its obvious importance for the composers, it gives members of the McGill and Montréal music communities a chance to hear new sounds coming out of the Faculty of Music.

Sexton describes his piece as a "highly coloured orchestration" of music he originally wrote for solo guitar. He certainly makes full use of the ensemble and of individual instruments, but often his orchestration is not very coherent. His choice of instruments seems arbitrary. The most serious flaw in his music is the lack of rhythmic interest. All three movements chug along at the same meter and tempo with hardly any variation.

The second half of the concert included two of Debussy's *Nocturnes*: "Nuages" and "Fetes". These were well executed by the student orchestra. The brass section was especially pleasing in "Fetes". The last work was Brahms' *Tragic Overture*, which suffered a little from overkill at the hands of the McGill Symphony. The volume level was a little too high for the hall (Pollack hall is very small for a symphony concert, and this should be compensated for), and the entries were a little sloppy.


This year's McGill Symphony is bigger and better than last year's version. Most noticeable is the better intonation among the strings. The *Adagio for Strings* was a good demonstration of this improvement.

Hoenich continues to show greater confidence and discernment, most likely a result of his work during the summer under the tutelage of maestros Leonard

Bernstein and Tilson Thomas in Los Angeles. More and more, the McGill Symphony Orchestra is turning out quality performances which deserve the attention of any serious concert goers.

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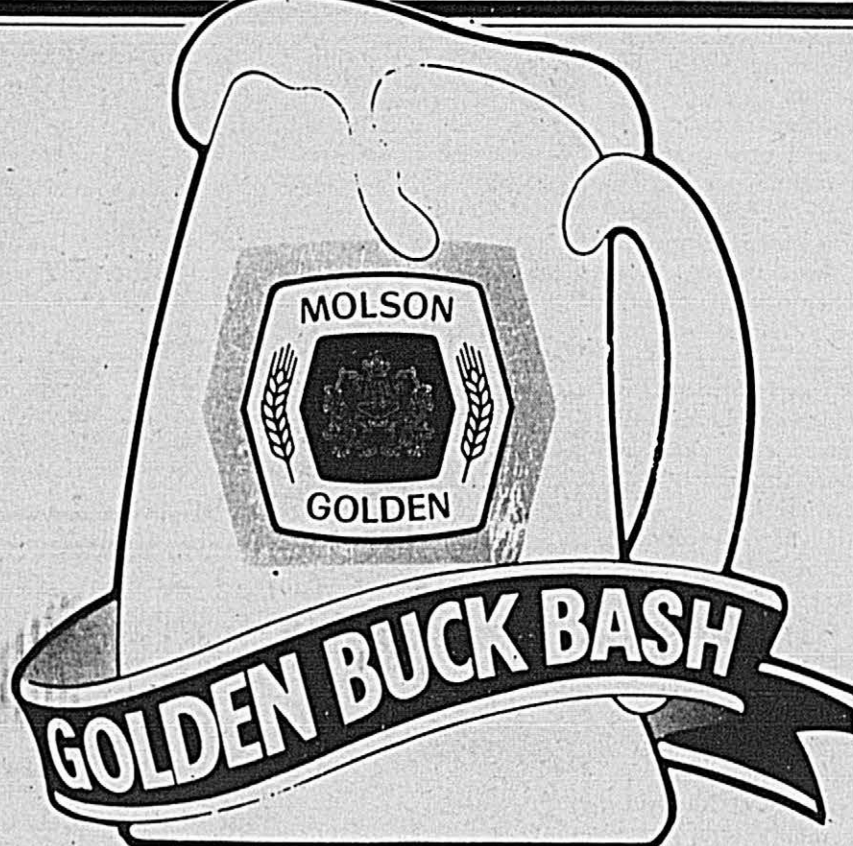
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